

THE
Devil a Barrel better Herring ;
OR, A
Merry DIALOGUE
BETWEEN,
IN and OUT.

As once Two Knights, tho' Lords by being M—rs,
On Horse-back Rid to *Old-Black-Fryars*. Stairs,
There to take Barge, that One might turn out t'other,
And Swear to be as Honest as his Brother :
Both humbly hoping, as they pass'd along,
To be much Honour'd by the Gazing Throng ;
But finding that their Sovereign Lords the Croud,
Look'd Sullen, Haughty, Insolent and Proud ;
Says *Gil.* to *Sam.* I'll tell thee what I say,
The Mob methinks Despise our Pomp to Day ;
Turn up their Snouts like Hogs against the Wind,
And seem to be Obstrep'rously inclin'd.

Quoth *Sam.* to *Gil.* I'll tell thee Brother Knight,
A Guilty Conscience oft deceives the Sight ;
And makes those Objects we behold appear,
More frightful than in Truth they really are.
Ne'er mind the Fools, but lay aside your Fears,
And fix your Eyes upon your Horse's Ears ;
Don't let their Rudeness make you look awry,
We'll drown it all in Claret by and by.

Quoth *Gil.* it is with you *Sam.* they are vext,
Because you stood not by the Doctor's Text ;
But poorly sneak'd and shuffl'd when you saw,
Your high flown Priest in danger of the Law :
Hark how the Scoundrels Hiss ! O burning shame !
But 'tis at you, not me, they make their Game.

Sam. Smiling on his Brother *Gil.* reply'd,
That cannot be, 'tis you that they deride ;
Your Insolence of late, to you know who,
Has vex'd your Betters, and the People too ;
You're One of those False Brethren that are Low,
But I am of another Stamp you know ;
And if you do but mind the People's Cry,
You'll find it is not Low, but *High Church High* ;
Therefore I'll stand to th' Judgment of the Rout,
Whether they Hiss You *In*, or Hiss Me *Out*.